
Title: Stormreaver Orc Clan

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In the beginning, Grishnak
was a homeless runt.
Birthed to a wretched
existence in the forests
around Trinsic, he learned
early on to avoid the
sound of approaching men.
Hounded and hunted by
the inhabitants of Trinsic,
he soon jourined north to
the more cosmopolitan
Britain. Grishnak found a
living, of sorts: rooting in
the trash heaps for food,
avoiding the sharp sticks
and thrown rocks of the
men children. He would
curse when men in shining
armor riding horses would
spur past him on the
road, shouting epithets
and sometimes striking
him with their swords.

One day, after being
knocked into the muck
along the side of the
road, Grishnak rose up
and swore everlasting
hatered of men. Setting
out for the mountians to
the west, chased off by
farmers defending
livestock against a hungry
wretch, and seeking
shelter in damp caves,
Grishnak found a pass
through the mountains
that eventually led him to
the sea.

Wandering the wilderness,
Grishnak found an old orc
fort, fallen in much
disrepair, occupied by
scrawny and ignorant
orcs. Defeating the
leader of this band,
Grishnak laid the

ClanStone and claimed for himself the mantle of Chieftain and declared a rebirth of the Orcish Nation.

The weak inhabitants of the fort were of no use to Grishnak, but soon others heard his call to arms. A mighty warrior appeared at the gate one day. "Meh Korgath!" he shouted, then swung a mighty axe at Grishnak. Although Grishnak proved the stronger, he spared the life of such a fine warrior and gave Korgath a position in the growing Clan. Another named Snarfu slunk into the fort one day, able to control the wild magic, he quickly impressed upon Grishnak the need to have magic users. Thus the ranks of the Clan began to swell, but their growth did not go unnoticed. The miners of the mountains and the cutters of wood reported increased orc activities, and soon the attention of armed men turned to the long neglected fort.

Much hard work was done by the Clan to secure their foothold on the Fort. Many times bands of men, many coated in the red blood of their victims, would ride into the fort and slay all they could. The Clan needed shelter from these predations and began building a shelter for themselves. Soon the Clan Shak was complete and the Clan had the safety both of the Fort itself, and when that failed, the Clan Shak.

When a gathering of

images decided to build upon an ancient ruin a tower dedicated to the pursuit of magic, the orcs fear of magic manifested itself. Knowing they were outnumbered and weak, Grishnak devined a plan to use the explosive potions to topple this unwanted tower.

Although many humans perished, the orcs were beaten back and the tower stands to this day, avoided by orcs.

Still, the lands were constantly violated by the men, particularly the miners going to the pass in the mountains. This had to be stopped. Orc scouts were sent out to follow these men who took dirt from the ground and made it into implements of war.

Soon Wagraa, the Wulf Rider, returned with news. He had found the source of the incursions into the orc lands. An association of men existed to steal the dirt from the mountains and make things with it for sale to other men. Again, the disregard for the territory of the orcs by men was evident. Revenge must be had. A plan was formulated: seize the leader of this association of dirt thieves and use her to supply weapons and armor to the orcs.

The dirt thieves were known to be meeting in the town of Minoc soon and an ambush was laid. As Cyan of the UBB was approaching the house the meeting was to be held in, hidden orcs rushed her from all sides, throwing explosive potions

among her cohorts. In the confusion that followed, none saw the shimmering blue portal into which the orcs had plunged Cyan. Cyan's enslavement stirred up the forces of men like sticking a sword into a bee hive. Soon the Yew Militia swept into the Fort, seeking the location of Cyan. Unbeknownst to them, their attack was anticipated and Cyan was moved far away to slave for the orcs. She was beaten repeatedly until she made arms and armor for the orcs.

Although this was most welcome by the Clan, her greatest contribution was that from her endeavours, orcs learned the craft of blacksmithing as well. After many months of working in the mines, Cyan was near dead. Rather than see her die of hunger and exposure, Orglik the Shaman sought to make one final use of her and give her over to the Bludgod. Chained atop the sacred tower, Cyan beheld the daemon the orcs worshiped before it was driven back by a combined army of the Urban Knights and the Yew Militia.

The Clan fled to the orc fort near Cove, hoping to defeat the hosts of Men in that fortress. Soon the banners of Yew and Urban Knights flew in the distance and the sound of marching feet made the earth tremble. Orc and man fought hard that day, but soon the weight of numbers forced the orcs back until finally they won free to Cyan's

cell. Grishnak and his survivors fled by sea back to Yew.

In vengeance for their support to the Yew Militia and the Urban Knights the past year when Cyan was rescued, the Clan assaulted the town of Cove. In an hour long pitched battle against the Urban Knights, the Orcs proved victorious. This would mark the beginning of many such battles in this remote village.

The Yew Militia also began to patrol along the edge of the orc territory, seeking to learn more of the Clan. Several times Pyros of Yew tried to reach the actual fort itself, only to be driven back.

With runtees being sent into battle half trained, the Clan realized that it could not fight the hosts of men alone. Orc scouts again went out into the world, seeking allies. Soon the Order of the Ebon Skull, the Infernal Cult of Necromancy, and Holy Disciples of Darkness offered much needed aid. The tides of battle began to shift, Orcs started beating back the forces of Men with their newfound allies.

The second battle for Cove resulted in victory for the Orcs against a surprise attack by the Urban Knights.

A new runtee came into the Clan. Unusually, this runtee was quiet and unassuming. Few could have guessed that Qog would some day rise to

lead the Clan. Wielding his scimitar and shield with finesse and showing great courage he quickly came to the attention of the Chief.

One day the fort recieved a unique visitor. Tilf and Gilf, the Ettin Lord came calling upon the Clan. Some men had stolen something from Tilf and Gilf, as men are wonton to do. They had made off with the giant two-head's favorite club and the ettin wanted the Clan to recover it. Quickly organizing a couple search parties, the Orcs journied to Britain to find the missing club. Qog led the group that included Guz'kth, the Orc Archer, who found the man holding the club. Seizing upon the moment, Qog led the Orcs in an attack that succeeded in gaining the club. Tilf and Gilf promised greater cooperation between ettins and orcs in the future.

Continued in book II

Knowing that the Clan was weak in the knowledge of magic, and seeing how brutally the men used it against the Clan, Grishnak tentativly contacted GreyPawn, leader of the mages on far off Verity Island. GreyPawn agreed to allow an orc to study magic at the Lyceaum, hoping that greater interaction with men would curb the hostile tendancies Orcs displayed.

Orglik was chosen to be

the first orc to study
magery. Diligently he
studied, learning what he
could to bring back to
the Clan. On the eve of
his graduation from the
Lyceum, a great feast
was declared. Orc and
man would come together
in the Lyceum to
celebrate a new age of
peace and understanding.
Hesitant at first,
Grishnak overcame his
distrust and led his Clan
to the tables set for
them. After stuffing
themselves and drinking
much ale, the orcs
relaxed and began to
rethink their hostility
with man. It was at this
moment that the men
sprung their trap. Many
orcs had aquired
the Bludname in battle
with Men, but had been
assured safe passage by
the guards of the
Lyceum.

Lulled into a
sense of security, they
didn't expect the sudden
attack by the men of
Moonglow. Many orcs
were slain before the
rest could escape. This
great betrayal by
GreyPawn and his
Moonglow Militia marked
the begining of the
undying hatred orcs have
for the inhabitants of
Verity Island.

True to his word, Tilf
and Gilf again returned
to the Clan. The ettin
told a tale of a great
war between the trolls
and the ettins. The trolls
had conquered the ettin
lands and Tilf and Gilf
sought the orcs aid in
retaking their home. Soon
a great army of ettins,

orcs, and necromancers
marched upon the trolls
and vanquished them.

It was shortly after that
the hosts of Yew,
Moonglow, and the Urban
Knights gathered to
attack the orcs in the
very heart of their lands.
Driving deep into orc
lands, they seized the
gates of the fort before
being thrown back. A
most perilous battle for
the Clan, won only by the
use of explosive potions
hurled over the walls of
the fort.

With great magics, the
shamans of the Clan
pulled back the veil of
the world and beheld a
multitude of other worlds.
Upon some of these
worlds were other tribes
of orcs. None of these
had sworn loyalty to the
Clan, therefore they
must be destroyed.
Great effort was put
forth to open a gateway
between worlds, and the
strongest Orcs of the
Clan were chosen to pour
through and conquer this
new world. Gathering their
forces in this new world,
they set off towards the
fort held by a tribe
known as the orcs of
Kor. Initially their assault
went well, but the magics
used to bring them to
this world weakened them
and they were thrown
back. Grishnak was last
seen surrounded by the
orcs of Kor as his
forces retreated to
portal back to their own
world.

With the Chief lost, the
leadership of the Clan
was vacant. Qog, a
former captain, stepped

into the void. Qog
reorganized the Clan and
led them to victory
against the Yew and
Moonglow Militias. Having
secured the lands
surrounding the fort, Qog
turned his covetous eyes
westward, towards the
farms and pens of the
West Yew University.

The great battle between
Light and Dark reached a
climax and the world
shook and split. The world
became dark and cold
winds blew from the
mountains. Death descended
across the lands and
orcs rejoiced. The Great
Enemy, GreyPaw,
retreated to the other
side of the worlds. With
him went the hated
Moonglow Militia. So too
did the forces of Yew.
The orcs rejoiced. It was
at this time that
Grishnak, weakened and
hurt, was able to return
to his home.

Soon word reached Qog
through his spies that
the Urban Knights would
again try to wrest
control of Cove from the
orcs, this time aided by
Sesquax Libertas. Qog
knew that the men would
try to take the town by
sea and laid a trap for
them. When the boats
carrying the enemy
approached the docks,
hidden orcs let fly their
explosives, killing many
before they even
disembarked.

Unfortunately, this was
not enough for the great
forces arrayed against
them were able to force
a landing farther to the
west. In a great battle
the orcs and their allies

were defeated and Cove
passed once more into
the hands of men.

Long had the Urban
Knight with the red hat
enthralled Grishnak. No
longer in possession of
Cove, he decided upon a
new prize: Shakti. Seizing
her as she strolled the
streets of Britain,
Grishnak carried off his
prize to the damp
dungeon of Despise. There
he enjoyed his new play
thing until the hosts of
Knights arrived, bent upon
rescuing thier lost Shakti.
Battling the denizens of
the dungeon in addition to
the orcs, the leader of
the Urban Knights fell in
battle, but not before
they won Shakti's
freedom. Gathering his
body with them, the
Urban Knights summoned
a magical door to take
their leaders ghost and
body away to be rejoined.
Returning to the Fort,
the Clan broods and plans
vengeance.

A caravan of ale, enroute
through the Orc lands,
failed to deliver the
required toll and thus
was decimated by the
vigilant orc forces.
Nestled among one of the
bags of ale was found an
axe. Radiating with evil,
Kurgh the Orc Raider
knew he should bring it
to the Chief.

Grishnak and Snarfu
examined the axe, unable
to determine what it was.
A necromancer of the
Infernal Cult was able to
read the runes inscribed
upon the axe: crafted by
the Hand of Evil. Soon
thereafter, a patrol from
the city of Evermoor

arrived at the Fort.
Talon Skyfire, captian of
the guard, demanded that
the orcs return the axe
to the rightfull owners.
Spitting over the wall,
Grishnak gave his reply.
Driven from the gates of
the fort, and leaving
behind the broken bodies
of their fallen, the
Knights of Evermoor
retreated before the
overwhelming strength of
the orcs. A second
assault was equally
defeated, but this time a
parchement was found
explaining further about
the axe. With the right
combination of elements,
the axe can release the
Hand of Evil and bend it
to the will of the weilder
of the axe.

With evidence that the
first element can be
found upon the island of
Bucc's Den, the Clan
prepared a raiding party
to search the tunnels for
the first element.
Accompanied by the leader
of the Holy Disciples of
Darkness, Navrip
Freemetch, the orcs were
successful in finding the
first part, the golden
coil. Seeking further
information, the orcs
mounted an attack upon
the city of Evermoor,
only to be rebuffed.
Unable to take the
knowledge by force,
Grishnak dispatched his
scouts and sneaks to
steal it.